ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISGARD IF
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NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

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PARASITE

DEFENDING THE DEVIL
Polly Nelson
(Morrow)

SILENT RAGE
Michael Newton
(Dell)

FEAR THE STRANGER
Hector Clark
(Mainstream)

BLOOD RUSH
Patricia Springer
(Pinnacle)

HOLE

PUSSY TOURETTE wants you to share her world. Her CD, "PUSSY TOURETTE IN HI-FI!", is just stuffed with her lovely personality -her unique outlook and steamy experience.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I LIKE IT, I JUST DO
WELL, I WAS STANDING ON A CORNER NOT AN HOUR AGO,
TRYING TO MAKE A BUCK AND KEEP MY COVER LOW (1)

Ms. Tourette needs -needs- to invite you into her -her- life. Lucky girl with her crystal clean cunt; neatly trimmed and muscle tight. High cash glamour and stars and maybe a little vaseline stick; a little red faced sport sweat and lust all directed at her pristine, untouchable, unbelievable, street smart prized cunt.

I THOUGHT, 'YOU'VE DONE IT BABY, YOU'VE MADE ME JUICY.
NOW DO IT TO ME AND PHUQUE MY PUSSY'.

There's the song about how she liked to play dress-up when she was a kid, then there's "FRENCH BITCH", "$70", "HEELS", "FREE PUSSY" (about cops -"NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO FRISK YOU BEFORE WE TAKE YOU IN") and her cover of "IF I CAN'T SELL IT". And "PUSSY'S BOOGIE" again:

MY NIPPLES GOT ERECT WHEN HE PATTED MY ASS
SO, THEN, I PULLED DOWN MY TOP -LET 'EM FLAP IN THE BREEZE- FOR HIS DRIVING PLEASURE AND HIS HANDLING EASE.

Pussy is all woman.

All whore.

All hot bitch hooker with none of that fag Hi-NRG beat for her, give her cheap studio blues and cabaret and maybe what Prince was mistaken about a few years back.

WELL, WE GOT ON HIS BIKE
AND WE STARTED TO RIDE
MY PUSSY GOT SO WET THAT I STARTED TO SLIDE

Pussy's got it and knows what to do with it. She doesn't go in for all the superfluous bullshit:

how much it cost.

where she had it done.

how she feels about the muscles in her back and legs, her trim V and thick neck. her lousy skin getting worse every

Daddy's been thinking. He -for reasons god intended- doesn't want to ...have sex.. with his daughter. And, anyways, it's not child molesting, 'cause he didn't have these feelings when she was younger ...and the urges he has now have nothing to do with her being his daughter. It's just. It's just her -the way she bounces around this fucking house, for christ sake, with her titties wobbling underneath that flimsy shirt, and her fat lipstick when she comes home. And his daughter is developing into a hard little ass and he doesn't get to see her in her white panties that much anymore. And, really, it has very little to do with her. Her being the daughter he...loves... you know, it could be a PLAYBOY kinda thing- just titties and bush and he's a fucking guy after all.

And he's thinking maybe he'd just like to see someone else fuck her. Oh man. But maybe if he could sneak a peek and jesus this is just absolutely fucking impossible. Her with her legs in the air and ...or her ass up in the air, those fresh firm cute tan

day, not knowing whether to remember if she should or shouldn't look in the mirror today.

could pussy mean asshole.

do her customers get what they want and are some of them very disappointed at the pre or post operation decision.

drugs.

hemorrhoids.

bleeding.

scars.

old age.

phantom pain and the lack of any fuck feelings beside skin rubs and scrapes. Fuck it harder, baby. Fuck it really fucking hard, baby.

Pussy knows that's not where it is, honey. A hole is a hole. And this one -no matter what it is- looks like a flower, not a fucking machine, motherfucker, and it feels even better. For you.

Prick.

One big hole. One lovely flower.

ONE NIGHT THIS LADY HAD A SOLO SHOW AND THE CUSTOMER PURPOSELY EJACULATED THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE GLASS. IT GOT ON HER BACK AND IN HER HAIR. SHE TOLD ME, "KRYSTL, THESE MEN WOULD JUST AS SOON PISS ON YOU AS COME ON YOU". (2)

What causes that smell?

That rot. That filth. That body.

And would dear Miss Pussy kill or retch.

On her fingers to your nose. Smells just like real cunt, oh yes absolutely. Look at how hard it got me -how hard you got me with your fine, fine woman's body and negro-cool you fucking degenerate debased lump of scars and psychoses. You imploding, barking beast -desperate and grasping and clawing and crying and convincing: cunt.

What are you going to do with that, boy?

You wanna kiss it?

You wanna hold it?

You wanna climb right up inside there?

You wanna phuque my pussy?

You wanna jam it in and break it off?

All woman are the same, says a barroom drunk to a horny schoolboy.

One big fucking hole.

One ugly bucket.

Little boy bored at his school desk wanders off and thinks: cunts.

What was I thinking?

Why wasn't I thinking?

Hole. Hole. Hole -fuck's sake, how could I have been so weak, so stupid, so sad and blank. It's a fucking pit, a hole that collects piss and dirty, dirty blood around its edges like the rim of a garbage can. And smears with shit and grease and sweat and mucous. It sags. And hangs open tired and useless and weak. Dripping, beating filth.

Little boy bangs his head in his hands. When can I think of something else? Not now. Not ever.

Fucking bad mistake. Nothing else will matter as much as this. When you wake up the thought is still there. It didn't go away like you hoped the night before when you were trying to sleep and not think about it anymore.

The test won't ease your mind.

Even though the cold sore just doesn't make sense that way. And the diarrhea is just something you ate. The nausea is worry. Self-perpetuating sickness.

ass cheeks shimmying flesh tightly as she squats on some thick hard cock in and down and up and slide wet and arch your baby back and grab her tits, turn her around and grab her titties and finger her clit like ...whoever ... grab her shoulders and really fucking dig in, fucking push, pump you fucking rutting dogs. Shoot up inside her now, shoot that shit up that soaked-up teenage black hair hole.

Daddy feels dirty. Surely everybody does it -thinks about it- but all those cock-suckers won't let on. Nice titties. Slim cunt. Who wouldn't. Those little rolled-up white socks. 1-900-whatever. Daddy don't care if the cunts are laughing or fat or hateful. Cute under-standing cunts would be worse, actually. Just wants to hear the words. Cock. Your cock. You like that?- shut the fuck up cunt, he thinks, just say the words.

Closes his eyes.

Gotta be more careful. The night-mares he drives away with get worse every time. Some nigger fuck in the alley he just pulled into, jumps outta any garbage can or dark backdoor way anytime and the worst thing wouldn't be explaining it ...but a day later and all the good parts are burnt into his brain.

Transexual hook-ers. Or maybe rough teen hard cock street corner trade in the

BOY'S IMMATURELY DEVELOPED BODY. HIS MOUTH ENGULFED RICKY'S LIFELESS PENIS. THE OLD MAN LABORIOUSLY BREATHED AS HE SUCKED THE GENITALS INTO HIS MOUTH. THE ORAL COPULATION SUBSIDED ONLY WHEN GREEN TOOK A BREATH AND MURMURED, "BOY, YOU GOT A BIG ONE".

Ricky's sister is raped by her father, which starts her on a downward spiral that will come to engulf brothers Ricky and Perry in imitative, incestuous sex play.

Ricky is forced to eat his own vomit and takes to torturing animals.

A one-year-old baby is raped.

Ricky becomes a prostitute at fifteen, after another rape by another bum.

Ricky molests his thirteen-year-old sister-in-law (just a blow job and grope).

and much, much more. Including murder victims. And photos.

"I WANT TO WATCH YOU SCREW HER IN THE ASS", SHARON TOLD HER HUSBAND.

MONTANA'S PLEADING EYES FIXED ON RICKY. "BECAUSE YOU'RE A FUCKING WHORE!" RICKY SCREAMED AS HE AGAIN LEFT THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK TO SECURE A BALL-PEEN HAMMER FROM THE TOOLBOX IN THE ADJOINING BEDROOM.

LIFTING THE LARGE HAMMER IN THE AIR, GREEN BASHED THE HEAD OF THE FAINTING VICTIM WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO CRACK HER SKULL. BLOOD GUSHED FROM THE HEAD WOUND, COVERING THE ATTACKER.

RICKY WAS SICK OF HEARING THE DESPERATE CRIES. HE PICKED UP ANOTHER ONE OF THE KITCHEN KNIVES AND MOVED DOWN FEFFERMAN'S TREMBLING BODY. RICKY GRABBED THE PENIS OF THE QUAKING MAN AND WITH SEVERAL SAWING MOTIONS AMPUTATED IT, ALONG WITH THE TOP PORTION OF HIS SCROTUM. HE SHOVED THE EXTREMITY INTO THE OPEN MOUTH OF FEFFERMAN.

FEFFERMAN'S FAMILY, ATTENDING THE PAINFUL TRIAL THAT INCLUDED GRISLY TESTIMONY, GRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHS, AND RICKY'S OWN CONFESSION, FOUGHT BACK TEARS AFTER THE VERDICT WAS ANNOUNCED.

"WE FEEL MOST STRONGLY THAT THIS PUNISHMENT WILL PROTECT INNOCENT VICTIMS, LIKE STEVEN, FROM THIS VICIOUS SERIAL MURDERER", FEFFERMAN'S SISTER SAID. "NOTHING WILL BRING STEVEN BACK, BUT WE AT LEAST HAVE THIS VERDICT FOR SOME PEACE OF MIND".

Any aging ugly hen will tell you all about the world's problems and her theories. All the reasons. All the whys and hows and see...

Like the slimy beast who wants you to know about the rooting reflex. Where she strokes her baby's chin while holding its ugly head close to her stretch-marked gray milk fatty dug. The baby, this pig seethes, will naturally turn its head to find that hideous pickled nipple to nurse.

Naturally.

Like the smell of one of those red enflamed hairy gashes. Like the smell of piss, disease, rot, overuse and sweat and sexual abuse.

And the little boy settles down.

He struggles through puberty and chooses not to see one great big hole.

The motivation becomes as different as the situation.

And fucking and popping in one hole is rather different, isn't it, than fucking and popping in another -say, one where you can't see the hairs on your cunting wife's nipples or the matted black hairs in her sticky fat asshole. Or the way she grinds her hips in time with your grunting pumps. Or the way her old wrinkled flesh sticks together or slides apart.

Maybe the way she closes her eyes and remembers what it was like when she had a cock and, thank christ, that's all over. Or the way her eyes roll up in her head as the junk in her veins makes it impossible to even know what's getting banged. It's more than a mattress, cocksucker, it's more than some stupid female cunt that you don't know what to do with. This beautiful fucking thing. You don't want that hole when you can have this one right here.

The gender doesn't deserve it.

The victims weren't asking for it.

Which is what makes the crimes so special.

And Friday just seems like the best day for a strawberry douche.

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SHOUT. I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING. I FELT NOTHING. IT WAS JUST THE MOST TERRIBLE MOMENT I'VE EVER HAD.

And the attacks only when necessary:

SUSAN'S PANTS HAD BEEN REMOVED, CAROLINE WAS NAKED AND SARAH HAD BEEN THE VICTIM OF A SERIOUS SEXUAL ASSAULT. ALL THE GIRLS HAD THEIR SHOES REMOVED. THE FIRST THING BLACK HAD DONE AFTER THE BORDERS ABDUCTION WAS TO TAKE THE SIX-YEAR-OLD'S SHOES OFF AND INDECENTLY ASSAULT HER. THE SIMILARITIES WERE STARTLING.

Robert Black has since granted extensive interviews to "pedophile expert" Ray Wyre, excerpts of which have already been printed in English papers:

I WAS IN THE PARK NEAR WHERE I LIVED IN GREENOCK AT THE SWINGS. IT WAS GETTING TOWARDS TWILIGHT AND ALL THE OTHER KIDS HAD GONE EXCEPT FOR THE ONE LITTLE GIRL. I ASKED HER IF SHE WANTED TO SEE A KITTEN AND SHE CAME WITH ME ...

AS WE WERE GOING IN TO WHAT WAS AN AIR RAID SHELTER, SHE SAID IT WAS DARK AND SHE WANTED TO GET OUT AGAIN. SHE STARTED TO CRY.

I THINK I CLAPPED MY HANDS OVER HER MOUTH. I TOOK HER INSIDE AND HELD HER DOWN ON THE GROUND WITH MY HAND ROUND HER THROAT AND I WAS HOLDING HER DOWN AND SHE MUST HAVE GONE UNCONSCIOUS.

I LEFT HER THERE AND THE NEXT DAY I WAS ARRESTED. SHE WAS FOUND WANDERING, CRYING AND BLEEDING.

The great book on him and his child-suffocating, finger-fucking lusts remains unreleased.

THE MORE I DRANK, THE MORE I KILLED. THE MORE I KILLED, THE MORE I DRANK.

The heroes of BLOOD RUSH are Ricky Lee Green and his wife Sharon. BLOOD RUSH dishes up everything it can -and there's alot- without embarrassment and, more importantly, without the author sticking her petty personality in where it doesn't belong. Patricia Springer does have a peripheral connection to the crimes and uses it as a springboard, not as a moral out or crutch. Further, it's a somewhat convenient connection that accents her 150 hours of interviews: she's friends with the mother of one of Ricky's victims.

In short order, BLOOD RUSH is a blood feast -full of the usual white trash vacancy and sex mad, drug and drink charged desperation and rage. Much more vicious and sadistic than Eddie Cole, yet presented in a more controlled (and trustworthy) manner that, fittingly, verges on the porno-graphic.

More blood. More pain. More speed and frenzy and confusion. All factors which should add up to just another loser's tale. Another set of bums whose synapses fire and pop in pitch black senselessness. Ms. Springer reaches into the gore a bit further than expected (or required) and yanks out more than just chemical soaked details. But the details are there in abundance; as is the pain and suffering and mistakes and losses of all those involved in crimes that exist above simple feral sex acts and lifeless time wasting.

Ricky's family is given the proper attention. His father, a drug dealer, is responsible for incredible perversions and lusts. As is grandfather.

11 year-old Ricky runs away and ends up raped by a homeless bum.

Made to stay with his grandfather, Ricky is repeatedly raped:

HIS CALLUSED HANDS RAN THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE

DETECTIVE anthologies. Of course, each new volume -regardless of the title- is simply a messy collection of grindhouse murder formulas, all previously published and forgotten. The newest volumes are PREDATORS (3) and HOOKER KILLERS (4) and just like all the titles in Pinnacle's TRUE DETECTIVE line, feature crimes loosely centered on a particular fetish. But unlike former volumes, these latest two narrow the field to a very specific type of victim. Rather than let the victims be related just by the way they were murdered, HOOKER KILLERS and PREDATORS ("THE MORE HELPLESS THE VICTIM...THE MORE HIDEOUS THE CRIME") boasts a closer-to-the-bone feel for fans of sex crime where the emphasis is on sex and crime rather than tacky mysteries and gore:

TINA WAS NOW LYING DEAD ON A COLD SLAB IN THE MORGUE BECAUSE OF HER LIFESTYLE. SHE LOOKED MUCH OLDER, THEY OBSERVED, AND HAD TRACK MARKS ON HER ARMS FROM INJECTING ILLICIT DRUGS.

and

THE INFANT'S MOTHER, PAULA SIMS, COULD NOT STAND TO BE IN THE HOUSE WITH THE REMINDERS THAT HER FIRST-BORN CHILD HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED AND BRUTALLY KILLED.

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These cunts deserve to die.

They all deserve it.

All holes.

That thing spread her legs. Pushed her tiny curled feet apart and thrust her seat out front with a burp and a yawn. Spit on her fingers and rubbed her grease between the folds in that splayed meaty mess. Sticks in a skinny old finger and juts around. Back out and...figure it's ready.

"You want me to get you wet first?"

(your mama would ask nicely)

"I need to get you wet first."

(this cheap pig bleats out only what she wants)

Gentle. Gentle. Wait.

INCIDENTALLY, MENSTRUAL PERIODS CAN BE A NUISANCE, BUT WE STRIPPERS HAVE A WAY OF DEALING: USE TAMPONS, BUT CUT THE STRING FIRST. IT BECOMES A VERY PRIVATE JOKE. THE CUSTOMERS NEVER SUSPECT.

Walking, talking toilets.

Filth.

Old bags waiting to wheeze into loose flabby sponges of bitter, stapled and tied, filth.

Sows.

Cows.

Dogs.

Beasts.

Poor little skinny guy. Figures they all deserve it. Their gender. Wants them to know what he thinks. Just like they asked for it. Just 'cause these fucking cunts deserve it.

AS THE OFFICERS APPROACHED THE BED, THEY SAW TINY 3-YEAR-OLD MARCELLINE ONICK SPRAWLED IN GORE. HER BLOOD WAS DRIPPING ONTO THE CARPET. DOTS OF CRIMSON SPLASHED ACROSS THE WALL. HER LIFE'S BLOOD OOZED FROM VICIOUS KNIFE SLASHES ACROSS HER THROAT AND UPPER TORSO. HER TINY BLUE EYES STARED SIGHTLESSLY INTO OBLIVION. (3)

THE CORPSE, THEY NOTED, WAS THAT OF A YOUNG WOMAN. HER BODY WAS COOL TO TOUCH, LIKELY AT OR NEAR ROOM TEMPERATURE. SHE WAS BLOND AND SLENDER, AND THEY GUESSED THAT SHE WAS IN HER MID-20S. IT LOOKED LIKE SHE HAD BEEN SLAPPED OR PUNCHED PRIOR TO HER DEATH. BECAUSE OF THE BLUISH COLOR OF HER FACE AND THE MARKINGS ON HER THROAT, THEY THEORIZED THAT SHE HAD BEEN STRANGLED MANUALLY. (4)

Loads of old reasons, loads of excuses. Loads of mistakes. Guesses and jumps.

"I COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF"

Eddie Cole mumbles while Michael Newton furiously, mindlessly, records every drop.

SILENT RAGE: THE 30-YEAR ODYSSEY OF A SERIAL KILLER. BASED ON 32 WEEKS OF EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH SERIAL KILLER EDDIE COLE. Written by the author of murder anthologies HUNTING HUMANS, SERIAL SLAUGHTER and BAD GIRLS DO IT, as well as the embarrassingly incomplete and incorrect MASS MURDER, AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY. In an interview with Dan Kelly, editor of EVIL (a little fanzine for beginner true crime book collectors), Newton told of his connection with Cole:

BY THE TIME I WITNESSED HIS EXECUTION IN DECEMBER 1985, HE HAD PROVIDED ME WITH A FULL HANDWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, PLUS ACCESS TO VARIOUS CONFIDENTIAL RECORDS -RAP SHEETS, PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS, PRISON FILES, THE WORKS. HIS LIFE IS BASICALLY A HOW-TO STORY ON THE MAKING OF A MONSTER, WITH NUMEROUS CHILDHOOD PARALLELS TO MANSON, LUCAS, TOOLE AND OTHER PRACTITIONERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED GREATER FAME.

alley off Belmont near Clark. On your knees as his young buddies laugh and check for cops and think about beating you to death for fun, revenge more than money. And you know it. And you must have forgotten it again. Talk yourself out of it again as you go home, shaking your head and indulging in the images you'll fight again in a week. Please god, please fucking god jesus christ please. Don't let me do it again.

Ugly drunk bastard.

AIDS helping hands.

Porno.

Flabby deep cunts. Wet mouths on puerto rican teenagers with fat teenage asses and a huge baseball bat rammed so far up that hairy cunt; can't understand a word you spic beast, pull the end out of the bones underneath this dark brown red mole fucked hair hole. Want to see the skin split; not from that ripped gash she uses to shit out little welfare rats and mid-day drunk wet-back busboys but right there on top: in that fuzzy wirey pitch rats nest of brillo hair. Bleed you third world cunt. Slut. Whore. Pig Mira mira mira look at the lovely female hole you own and shake and spread and smell.

Show me how you bleed.

And how you piss with that hole.

Your yeast infection.

Abscesses, genital warts.

Does it feel just wonderful up the back

Impressive access. Sad waste.

'Cause Cole is an interesting enough lunatic. Typical but brutal backward trash childhood with his mom making him wear girl's clothes and dragging him with her when she traipses off to fuck soldiers. He strangles a dog after his mom beats him following a youthful sex tryst and slowly builds a lifetime obsession with strangulation.

Cole's life is recounted as something of an aimless drift. A liquor-soaked stagger across America that lands him in and out of jail and skid row flop houses more times than anyone would care to hear about. He rolls fags. He confesses. He murders. He asks for help. He struggles, stays drunk and confused and violently, sloppily bored.

He suffers from his "compulsion to kill" and becomes extremely disturbed over his victim's tendency to soil themselves in death. His tastes include necrophilious rape and (highly questionable) cannibalism.

"I RIPPED HER CLOTHES OFF MORE TO HUMILIATE HER THAN ANYTHING ELSE", HE RECALLS FROM A DISTANCE OF YEARS. "I REMEMBER THINKING THAT WOMEN LIKE TO GO AROUND EXPOSING THEMSELVES, AND SHE WAS DAMN SURE GOING TO BE EXPOSED. IF THERE WAS ANY THOUGHT OF RAPE, IT WAS QUICKLY FORGOTTEN BECAUSE OF THE FECAL MATTER".

Certainly, SILENT RAGE is complete and exhaustive. And Newton documents his sources in lengthy notes at the book's finish. But the work either stinks of the drink that fueled Eddie's muddy confusion or of the flimsy lies fostered from cheap, lazy psychologies and uncomfortable, specious fantasies spewed by Cole and swallowed by Newton:

THE WOMEN HE MURDERED REMINDED HIM OF HIS DRUNKEN, ADULTEROUS MOTHER. "I THINK", HE TOLD THE PANEL, "I'VE BEEN KILLING HER THROUGH THEM".

And pathetically:

PASSAGE OF TIME AND THE OFFICIAL BAN ON COOPERATION MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DOUBLE-CHECK MISSING PERSON REPORTS FROM 1971, BUT I ACCEPT COLE'S VERSION OF EVENTS IN THIS REGARD, AS HE SHOWED NO INTEREST IN PLAYING A "NUMBERS GAME" WITH SPURIOUS CONFESSIONS.

Liquor is the most immediate, convenient excuse. For everything. And some criminals use it as the blood of their dick-following, cunt-sniffing fumbles; while others see it as something more akin to an adjunct, crutch or...lubricant.

I'D BE WILLING TO BET THAT UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M NOT SO SURE NOW BECAUSE I KNOW THAT I HAVE CHANGED. I KNOW I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO A LOT TO HEAL MYSELF, BASICALLY HEAL MYSELF, WHICH WAS WHAT WAS WRONG BEFORE. BUT YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS FIRST ARRESTED, I KNOW THAT IF THE POLICE HAD SAT ME DOWN IN A ROOM, LET ME GET DRUNK ON, SAY, BOURBON -A DRINK THAT REALLY MADE ME VICIOUS -HARD LIQUOR AND 7-UP OR SOMETHING, AND SHOWED ME SOME REALLY HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY, I COULD HAVE TALKED TO THEM IN THAT VOICE. I COULD HAVE TALKED TO THEM FROM THAT PERSPECTIVE. IT WOULD HAVE COME OUT OF ME JUST, IT WOULD HAVE BLOSSOMED RIGHT OUT OF ME.

Polly Nelson was Ted Bundy's last lawyer -the one who tried to keep him alive by legal maneuvers as his execution dates whizzed closer and closer. And Polly, like Newton, had very impressive access -especially in light of Bundy's decision to tell all when his legal options ran out. Polly was there right up to the end.

So, the obvious plays out. The last few chapters are the only ones of any worth. And are, in fact, highly worthwhile. But the first three-quarters of DEFENDING THE DEVIL are just what you'd expect from a lawyer and its book.

Polly Nelson documents the voluminous and deadly boring legal rigamarole to a fault. Worse, the only personality injected into the lists of files and plans and hopes is that of Polly. And she's a gross stereotype. Polly assumes you'll side with her. Her soap opera moralism and safe ingenue dissolution. Her cheap, protected rites of passage, and the mean reality that's supposed to mourn the loss of meaning in designs like "inner child" and "heart of hearts". She wants you to feel her drive and mission, and knows you'll understand the righteousness behind "my case" and "my Ted". Bitter ecumenicalism and a bothersome, unimportant lifeless drone:

WHY COULDN'T HE AT LEAST PRETEND HE WAS SORRY.

But all this would be just par for the course, were it not for her finally, ultimately, getting her big fat female ass in the way of what might have been -and now never will.

...I HAD ASKED TED TO DO ME ONE FAVOR, AS HIS LAWYER, AND TO NOT DISCUSS THE FLORIDA CRIMES, JUST IN CASE WE GOT A STAY OF EXECUTION AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE. ON THE TAPE, DOBSON ASKS HIM ABOUT THE MURDER OF KIMBERLY LEACH. TED HESITATES AND GLANCES AROUND, DECIDING WHAT TO DO. I LOVE THAT MOMENT. I'M SORRY, THAT SOUNDS CHIRPY, LIKE BEING "VERY HAPPY" ABOUT A STAY OF EXECUTION FOR THE MURDERER OF INNOCENT VICTIMS. BUT I LOVE TO SEE TED STRUGGLING WITH MY INSTRUCTIONS, DECIDING WHETHER TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF OR DO AS HE PLEASES, ASSERT CONTROL. HE FINALLY CHOKES OUT THAT HE CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT, THOUGH HE'D LIKE TO.

from PURE #2:

KIMBERLY LEACH,12. KIMMY'S BODY WASN'T FOUND UNTIL TWO MONTHS AFTER HER DISAPPEARANCE. HER THROAT WAS SLIT FROM EAR TO EAR. HER 12-YEAR-OLD VAGINA AND ANUS WERE FOUND MUTILATED. AUTHORITIES BELIEVE THAT KIMBERLY WAS FORCED TO CROUCH ON ALL FOURS WHILE BUNDY ATTACKED HER FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND.

THE LITTLE GIRL WAS FOUND IN A SLEEPING BAG IN THE REAR. SHE HAD BEEN BOUND AND STICKING PLASTER WAS TAPED OVER HER MOUTH. BLACK HAD REMOVED HER SHOES AND SOCKS. A BAG WITH A DRAW-STRING WAS OVER HER HEAD, AND IT HAD BEEN TIGHTENED AROUND HER NECK. SHE HAD BEEN INDECENTLY ASSAULTED.

Robert Black liked little girls. He has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the murders of three little darlings (ages 11, 10 and 5) and the kidnapping and assault of a fourth (age 6).

FEAR THE STRANGER is written by former Deputy Chief Constable Hector Clark, who was in charge of the ten year hunt for Black. As such, the book suffers in the same way the previous volumes do: wonderful but sadly mistaken access. Chances blown due to personal interference and the incorrect assumption of one's own inherent specialness. Deputy Clark traces the mistakes and methods of a murderous pedophile with very specific tastes. Finally captured, Robert Black gives in but only just. Most of the details and tastes are left to the good but disgusted Deputy to discern and impart. And only just.

He includes breaking the news to the parents of Susan Maxwell (11):

HE DIDN'T SAY, "SHE'S DEAD". HE SAID, "THIS LITTLE GIRL IS NOT ALIVE". I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS, HE SAID, "THIS LITTLE GIRL IS NOT ALIVE". I JUST REMEMBER THE FEELING OF COLDNESS START IN MY FEET AND WORK ITS WAY UP THROUGH MY WHOLE BODY. I JUST WENT TOTALLY NUMB. I DIDN'T CRY AND DIDN'T

of your spine when I tickle that fat cock-sized clit of yours?

Do you finger it?

Do you clean it?

Maxi-pads?

Elephant pads?

little wilted dead dick, fat nigger lips and hideous short but thick scars just underneath the hard bags stuck in her boney junkie flat rib chest.

Nice tongue cunt.

Where'd you learn to talk such good nigger?

Ever fucked in a Cabrini Green hallway?

Ever tasted dad's dick?

How many times?

How many dads?

Those who remain unconvinced of Pussy Tourette's (PUSSY TOURETTE IN HI-FI, Feather Boa Music (1)) real idea of fun may find similar pleasures are to be had in the fourth issue of REALITY HOAX. Dedicated to showing "where John and Jane Doe are getting screwed by the media", REALITY HOAX offers an extremely anti-septic interview with Patricia Winn, a male-to-female transexual in the same spirit. Meaning that the results are hardly prurient and hardly interesting. Other than a few misshapen faux pas... THE LAST SEX (St. Martin's Press (2)) is another post modern word fest that attempts to cover similar ground, albeit elevated way beyond their station. Mostly concerned with gender definitions and a tiresome focus on role playing artists and "politically disobedient" socio-performance word play (...), editors Arthur and Marilouise Kroker end up with all-too-clean hands. Included are some peep show memoirs with the rich, obligatory "WE BELIEVE THAT PROCLAIMING OUR STORIES IS A POWERFUL AND HEALING ACT" sense of remove and denial.

Carol A. Queen is yet another new consciousness monster, who owns little more than her cunt and tiny tits, and who wants to explain her situation yet again in the new issue of BLACK SHEETS (May '94, #4). Ms. Queen also appeared in SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE NAKED (see PARASITE #6) as well as an episode of HBO's insulting, cringe-worthy new age REAL SEX drivel. Her rose colored world remains ever intact:

OF COURSE, SUCKING COCK THROUGH GLASS PRESENTS ITS OWN SPECIAL CHALLENGES. ON THE PLUS SIDE, NO COCK IS TOO BIG TO GET DOWN MY THROAT. AND A GUY CAN LOSE HIS LOAD IN MY MOUTH, ON MY FACE, UP MY ASS, EVEN IN MY EYES AND IT'S SAFE AND COMFORTABLE AS CAN BE.

Also included are some true confessions by former hustlers ("DURING THE SAME PERIOD I GOT SEVERAL MINOR INFECTIONS FROM THE DALLYING I DID ON MY OWN TIME, AND THIS WAS PROBABLY WHEN I GOT THE VIRUS AS WELL").

Rose G. Mandelsberg has decided to switch the focus of the TRUE